

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt.
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed
And prey on garbage.
But soft, me thinks I scent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwaies of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuice of cursed Hebona in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure,
The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as Quick-siluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the bodie;
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thinne and wholsome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant Tetter barked about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
All my smooth bodie.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnnuzled, disappointed, vn-anueld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

Let

Prince of Denmarke.

Let not the Royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A Couch for Luxurie and damned Incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soule contriue
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To prick and sting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen! O earth! what else,
And shall I couple hell, O fie! hold my heart,
And you my sinewes; grow not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memorie holds a seat
In this distracted Globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memorie
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All saw of Bookes, all formes, all pressuures past
That youth and obseruation coppied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall liue,
Within the Booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen,
O most pernicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in *Denmarke*.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adiew, adiew, remember me.
I haue sworne't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

D

Mar.